

“THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.”—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 8.—VOL. XII.]

AUGUST, 1868.

[PRICE 1½d.

DR. JOHN TAYLOR OF NORWICH.

AMONG the most distinguished, useful, and learned men of the last century, of men who shook the main outworks of Trinitarianism and prepared the way for the friends of religious truth, to effect a still greater change of the theology of the Church, no one better deserves to be remembered than Dr. Taylor, of the Octagon Chapel, Norwich. To the present day he stands in the first rank of biblical scholars; and as a theologian, who devoted himself to the task of restoring the true doctrines of the scriptures to their place among Christian churches, he has had very few equals. He did not belong to the indolent class who think all theologians are alike, and that we need trouble ourselves little about the fundamentals of Christian faith. “While,” he said, “the name Christian, in its original and true meaning includes all that is virtuous and amiable, just and good, noble and divine, excellent and heavenly, among all sects,” at the same time he devoted the choicest, and best hours of his life to overthrow the then popular doctrines of Trinitarianism. He had part of his reward in vituperation and calumny. Wesley quite lost his temper over the works of Dr. Taylor, and commenced abusing him shamefully; and another author wrote a work against this “Arian and Socinian,” and had in his book an engraving of Dr. Taylor in hell, tossed on its burning billows. He did not flinch from the work to which he was called, and his pages yet remain, helping on the theological reformation of the Christian Church. His fame as a scholar and a heretic spread over all England, and the poet Burns, who appears to have read some of his works, and was pleased with them, alleges it was the influence of Taylor that caused the alarm of heresy in the kirk of Scotland in his

time. Jonathan Edwards says “that no one book has done so much toward rooting up the scheme and principle of religion as maintained by our fathers as Dr. Taylor’s against the doctrine of original sin.” He wrote equally well against the doctrine of the atonement, and his exposition of the Epistle to the Romans is a masterly refutation of Calvinism. He shows “that it is no doctrine of the Scripture that a small number are redeemed, and that all the rest are by a sovereign decree passed by and reprobated.” And this was done when Calvinism was dominant in the land. It is his brave, as well as his scholarly life, that commends him to the Unitarians of to-day. One hundred and thirty years ago he exposed the absurdities of the Athanasian creed and other kindred doctrine, and pioneered the way of true reformers. The freedom he enjoyed he defended as the birthright of every Christian. “*Protestant Popery*” and its assumptions he abhorred. He was regarded with the highest respect and attachment by all who knew him, being loved most by those who knew him best. Kindness and affability marked his whole career. His literary eminence was free from all contempt and scorn. While asleep in his bed on the 5th of March, 1761, it pleased God, without any suffering, to remove him to a better world, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was buried at Chowbent. The following appropriate words are on his tombstone:—

READER

EXPECT NO EULOGIUM FROM
THIS STONE :

ENQUIRE AMONG THE FRIENDS
OF LEARNING, LIBERTY, AND TRUTH.
THESE WILL DO HIM JUSTICE.

WHILE TAKING HIS NATURAL REST HE FELL
ASLEEP.

GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS.

"WELL, I think that is polite! Grandma expects me to sit still while she takes a nap instead of telling me stories. How selfish some people are."

As she spoke, little Patty looked angrily from the old lady nodding in her chair to the book in her lap, and felt very much injured because she couldn't have her own way. The rain pattered on the window-pane, the wind blew dismally, and the winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. It wasn't a cheerful scene either inside or out, and Patty couldn't decide whether to cry and wake grandma, or to go and do some mischief. As she sat thinking about her wrongs, her eye wandered to the book again.

"Stupid old pictures, I've seen 'em a dozen times, and am tired of 'em. But there is no other book here, and I mustn't leave the room. I wonder how they'd look through grandma's specs."

Putting the glasses on her little nose, Patty turned a leaf and looked. Dear me, how very odd it was to be sure! A minute ago she saw a cat and kittens on the page, and now there was a picture she had never seen. A sweet, pale-faced lady lay in a bed, and was putting a little baby into the arms of an old lady, who seemed promising something with a tender yet sorrowful look.

"Why, that's the way my dear mamma did when she gave me to grandma, the day she died! Papa told me about it," cried Patty, very much surprised. Wondering what had come to her book, she eagerly turned over another leaf and there was a new picture.

This was a still more curious one, for the figures seemed to move. The same old lady was teaching the same baby to walk, so kindly, so patiently; and the baby seemed to love her dearly, for it ran to her with eager, tottering little feet, and laughed with delight when it was safe in her motherly arms. Several other pictures showed the good old lady caring for the same pretty baby in many ways; watching over it when ill, tending, teaching, and amusing it; taking many steps for it, thinking, working and praying for it, and devoting herself to it as faithfully as any mother.

Next came pictures showing the baby a little girl, and the old lady still older, but

as kind as ever. Judging from the pictures, the child was rather a careless, selfish little girl, for she seemed not to obey, and to leave many things undone. One of these pages showed this child running away and getting lost, because she was bid to do something she didn't like; and the old lady was seen going after her and bringing her back and forgiving the naughty little girl. Another was where the child appeared to be nearly run over, and the old lady saved her, but was much hurt herself.

When Patty saw that, she looked very sober, and the pettish expression left her face, as she said softly:

"Yes, that's what grandma did for me; and that's how she got so lame. Poor grandma, I wish I'd got her cane for her when she asked me."

The last picture showed the old lady lying dead, and the child, a tall girl now, standing by her with a very sorrowful face, that said as plainly as words, "Oh, why wasn't I kinder to her when she did so much for me."

As Patty looked, her eyes grew so dim with tears that the page was all a blur, and, putting up her hand to wipe the drops away, the spectacles fell off and the strange pictures vanished.

Patty sat quite still for several minutes, thinking of all the unkind words she had said, the duties she had neglected, the loving acts she had left undone, and all she owed dear, kind, patient grandma. She covered up her face and cried till her little handkerchief was quite wet, so full of repentant sorrow was she. Suddenly she thought, "It isn't too late, she isn't gone, and there's time to be good to her now. What shall I do to show her how sorry I am?"

Wiping up her tears, she looked about the room and saw plenty to do. The fire was nearly out, because Patty had forgotten to tell the maid to bring the wood, and had lost grandma's cane, without which she couldn't walk a step. Patty's playthings lay all about in the untidy way that troubled grandma. The yarn she had been asked to wind hung in a tangle on the chair where she had left it. Grandma's knitting had dropped down and the stitches were half out, for Patty didn't bring the spectacles, and without them she could not pick them up. Grandma's

shawl was spread over Patty's doll, and the poor old lady had quietly gone to sleep and never asked for it, though she looked chilly even in her nap.

"How naughty I am to be so lazy, and selfish, and disobedient. Dear grandma is too kind to punish me, but I ought to be punished, hard," said Patty, shaking herself and wondering how any one could be patient with her.

Full of good resolutions, she fell to work and turned over a new leaf at once, not waiting a minute or saying "I'll be good by and by." She cleaned up her playthings, found the cane and leaned it against grandma's chair all ready for her. She put back the spectacles, picked up the stitches and laid the knitting on the old lady's lap; she folded the shawl softly round her, and grandma gave a little sigh as if the comfortable warmth pleased her. Then Patty built up a grand fire, swept the hearth, and sat down to wind the yarn.

Darker and darker it grew outside as night came on; harder blew the wind and faster fell the rain, but within it was bright and warm, for the fire-light danced on the pleasant room, the placid old lady sleeping in her chair and the busy little girl patiently winding the tangle, till the great smooth ball was done. Very thoughtful was Patty's rosy face as she sat so still; but that half hour did her much good, for she thought what she was and what she hoped to be, and prayed a very sincere little prayer that she might keep her resolution and be a faithful, loving child to grandma.

When the old lady woke, she rubbed her eyes and looked about her, feeling as if the good fairies had been at work while she slept. And so they had, for the best and loveliest of household fairies are Love and Cheerfulness. Patty had drawn up the round table and quietly sat out the little tea tray with the tiny cups and plates, the old-fashioned spoons and funny plump teapot that grandma liked; had toasted the bread herself, just brown and nice, and got everything ready in the most cosy, tempting order one can imagine.

"Well, deary, what does it all mean?" cried grandma, smiling with surprise and pleasure, as she looked about her.

"It means that I'm trying to be a good child and do my duty as I haven't done it for

a long, long while," and Patty put her arms round grandma's neck with a little quiver in her voice that went straight to the old lady's heart. Standing so, she told all that had happened, and grandma laughed and said it was only a dream. But Patty was sure it was true, only the spectacles wouldn't show any more of the strange pictures when she tried again.

"Never mind, my darling, they show me the dearest, most dutiful of little daughters and I'm quite satisfied," said grandma, kissing the childish face, which from that day made summer sunshine for her through the winter of old age.—*Merry's Museum.*

TRANSPARENT ABSURDITIES NOT PROFOUND MYSTERIES.

As often as we approach the doctrines of the orthodox, we are warned off from the profane and vain attempt to touch them. These doctrines we are told are profound mysteries, they are above the understanding, too holy to meddle with. But common sense breaks out at last, and human reason asserts its rights. Can there be, we ask, any inquiry too holy for the mind of man to engage upon? Or because the knowledge of God is high, is that, think you, cause that His creatures should lower, should degrade their understanding? Profound mysteries! we are provoked to cry out: they are nothing of the sort, they are transparent absurdities.

THE TRINITY, our orthodox friends tell us, is a mystery; the ever blessed and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God is the profoundest of their mysteries. But is there any depth of meaning here compared to that found in the doctrine of the One person of the God of conscience, the doctrine of the single undivided God of right and wrong in the human soul, with whom all the relationships of life are bound up, on whose wholeness of character all our hopes beyond this life depend? By the side of these realities the transparent absurdity of the Trinity in Unity becomes almost ludicrous, and we repeat with the poet Burns, "That what has no sense must be nonsense."

THE ATONEMENT is declared by the Church to be a mystery. That God should make for himself laws of punishment and retribution of sin which he is not able to alter or to evade, but by means of a cruel satisfaction; that he should consent to

accept the death of a self-denying virtuous being, in place of those who deserve his sentence, and should call this justice—there is nothing here to claim our veneration. We see mysteries without end in God's moral government, in his conditional gift of free will to his children, in his hedging them round with circumstances and necessity, but this vicarious sacrifice unto God's implacable vengeance is no holy mystery; it is a degradation to his character from which our minds revolt; it is a moral absurdity.

THE TWO NATURES OF CHRIST, they tell us, is a mystery—that the Christ of history was half human and half divine, that he walked in Galilee with all the wants of humanity and with the superhuman powers of the Godhead. This doctrine of the dark ages that would take from us the living picture of the earnest teacher and reformer, and would leave us instead with a fabled being, an enormity of nature—is this, too, a profound mystery? It is but a transparent absurdity.

THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION is another of the orthodox doctrines. God created his human children to misery and eternal torments, but by a decree of his Providence, made before the creation of the world, He provided a scheme for the salvation of a few, by which they should be redeemed or brought back from his wrath into his favour. Is this worthy the name of a divine mystery? Is it not rather a human invention, one of the complications of an old superstitious philosophy?

THE INFINITE SACRIFICE of Jesus' death has been called a mystery. That a God has died upon the cross, suffering and despised, undergoing the death of a malefactor; that this same mortal dying God is still in some way Lord of Heaven and approves or accepts this representation of a death—is this a profound mystery? Language can hardly unfold such a doctrine without exposing its transparent absurdity.

Nothing but plain and open dealing with these orthodox doctrines, and a steadfast determination to withstand all such wasting of words and thoughts, can break the spell of sanctity that has so long protected them. When once the disenchantment is made, a painstaking study of the parentage of these corruptions of Christianity for our own instruction and the spreading abroad of all the information we can gain

upon the subject for the sake of others, will do something to prevent the coils of superstition from once more closing round us.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

MISS MARY CARPENTER.

THE great obstacle to the improvement and extension of Female Education in India is the want of *trained female teachers*. Of these none probably are to be found in any native schools except such as are conducted by Missionaries, and even in these there are very few.

In many parts of India enlightened native gentlemen strongly feel the importance of educating those who will exercise so great an influence as wives and mothers in their homes, and in Bombay Presidency for more than fifteen years great efforts have been made by them to establish girls' schools, and to impart in them as good an education as is possible with male teachers. They now perceive the necessity of obtaining female instruction for the schools, if further progress is to be made. A native judge of Ahmedabad thus writes to me in a letter dated March 3rd, 1868:—"The most crying want at present is that of teachers. A great deal of money has been spent by liberal individuals on female education, but it does not take a root yet. Government have done nothing for it, but the missionaries and enlightened native gentlemen have made great exertions and appropriated large sums of money, but it has been all in vain. The reason is quite clear. The people naturally do not trust their daughters to male teachers. Scholars therefore generally leave the school before they have learned anything worth the name. Parents have a great objection to send their daughters to school beyond a certain age, because they will be in the hands of men. There are no female teachers in the country. The schools in this city have been in existence for the last fifteen years, but have not produced any visible advantage, nor one girl who is able to teach. The girls leave as soon as they are of the marriageable age (at latest between ten and eleven), and thus forget what they have learned. This want of confidence must be removed. This is the great cause of failure. You have hit on a right plan. The cause of failure was not hitherto understood, and

the consequence is that the schools, though they have existed for years, have produced no scholars of any note. You have fully understood the cause, and you have thought upon a right remedy. If God will bless your endeavours the fruits of them may soon be perceived. There is a vast material in India. There are thousands of widows under the vow that they shall never re-marry. It is only necessary to utilise these unfortunate widows, and what is now felt as a curse will be a blessing." After mentioning that the municipality had given a handsome allowance for a female teacher and another for a stipendiary scholarship, as well as a sum for a school library, but that they are at a loss how to spend the money, as "there is not a single native woman who can be employed," he adds:—*"Until there is a normal school, with the professed object of sending out competent teachers, no plan of female education will be successful."* We are all on this side of India looking very anxiously for the success of your appeal, and also for your return. No one knows the secret of female education more than yourself, and prejudices will, we hope, vanish before the weight of your experience in the matter."

The whole position of the subject, thus ably sketched by an enlightened native gentleman, is stated in my recent work (*"Six Months in India,"* Longmans), as well as the various memorials to the Government from native gentlemen in each Presidency, praying for the establishment of female normal training schools;—a scheme of such a school was laid by me before the Indian Government, and afterwards in more detail before the Secretary of State for India. In answer to the memorials from Bombay and Ahmedabad, a grant of 15,520 rupees per annum for five years was sanctioned by the Government of India, and approved by the Secretary of State on the understanding that an equal amount be provided by the native community. The recent commercial crisis in Bombay renders this, however, impossible, in addition to the large sum which they are annually spending for female education without Government aid. A female normal training school will not, therefore, be at present commenced under the auspices of the Government.

Under these circumstances, being aware that the enlightened natives are extremely anxious to introduce a higher kind of education among the female part of the community, and that this can be done only through the agency of Englishwomen, which the Hindus and Parsis will gladly welcome, if assured of no interference with their religion or social customs, I purpose to go out early in next October to commence a normal school on the same principles and system which I laid before the Government, but with voluntary agency, and on such scale only as my resources will permit. The maintenance of the institution for the first year, with the salary and passage out of the certified training mistress, will be a necessary and large outlay, which my narrow income will not enable me to provide, in addition to my own personal expenses. I am therefore obliged to ask for the help of such persons as feel the importance of the object, and will contribute towards it.

Those whose other claims may not permit them to give money, may be disposed to send for the institution useful books, good drawings, paintings or other works of art, specimens of various kinds of fancy and plain needlework, a piano, or other articles which may prove valuable; this will testify to native ladies the interest felt in them by their English sisters.

Contributions of all kinds will be received for the object by Messrs. CARPENTER and WESTLEY, 24, Regent street, London, or can be forwarded to my address at Bristol.

Educated English ladies who would desire to enter this field of useful exertion, will find ample scope for their talents in India, if they first enter the institution as students. Board and training, with instruction in the vernacular, will be provided for them until they are prepared to take a situation as teachers in native schools or families. They must, of course, find their own passages out.

I shall myself give my devoted efforts to the work, being fully assured that by such agency a most important benefit will be extended to the female part of the community of the Indian empire, and through them to the whole nation, and that this will be fully appreciated by them.

RED LODGE HOUSE, BRISTOL,
June, 26th, 1868.

THE ORTHODOX DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

THE Unitarian believes in a God who is equal in his dealings towards all men. This is a truth the most needful for us to feel assured of. We see that God has thought fit to place men in various positions, and to allot them various trials, and give them various dispositions of mind; to some he has appointed to suffer for a time, to some to enjoy. In this inequality of human condition it is of the greatest comfort to us to be allowed to believe in the equal justice of God, to believe that he tempers men's suffering in ways that we know not of, and that he will make all things right to all men at his good time.

But such has not been the universal belief of the world, either in past ages, or at the present time. Such most certainly is not the teaching of the Church of England. Those articles of the national religion to which every clergyman of this country has been made solemnly to profess his belief, the Thirty-nine Articles as they are called, contain quite a different doctrine. And it is in agreement with these Articles that the clergy of England is bound to preach and to teach. The seventeenth of these Articles, headed "Of Predestination and Election," declares that God has predestined to life a certain portion of mankind, and that "he hath constantly decreed by his counsel secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels made to honour." This picture of the Divine mercy and grace, thus rescuing a small part of his creatures from perdition, must surely seem horrible to all who stay to consider in what condition are left those countless nations of the earth both in former ages and at the present day, besides those large classes of society around us whom God hath not "chosen in Christ."

If we look into the Bible to discover traces of these tenets, there is enough of exclusiveness in the older parts of Jewish history, narratives of whole nations extirpated by the command of Jehovah, accounts of the displeasure of Jehovah upon certain races, and of his peculiar favour to their own people. Only after the Hebrew nation had far advanced in religious knowledge, and in the times of the Prophets and

the later Psalms, do we come to the words that God is "good to all, His tender mercies are over all His works." But amidst the Jewish bigotry, and their slowness to understand the universal providence of God, there is *nowhere* to be found the deliberate teaching of a partial and unequal government such as the Calvinistic doctrine.

BE MANLY AND GENTLE.

WE frequently meet in every walk of life dissatisfied people. There are those who have attached themselves to certain churches or public institutions, who try to please everybody and please none. And then again, there are others who are always going in for a fight. Now we counsel avoidance of this, and cannot do it better than by the following fable:—

A chameleon once met a porcupine, and complained that he had taken great pains to make friends with everybody, but, strange to say, he had entirely failed, and could not be sure that he had a friend in the world.

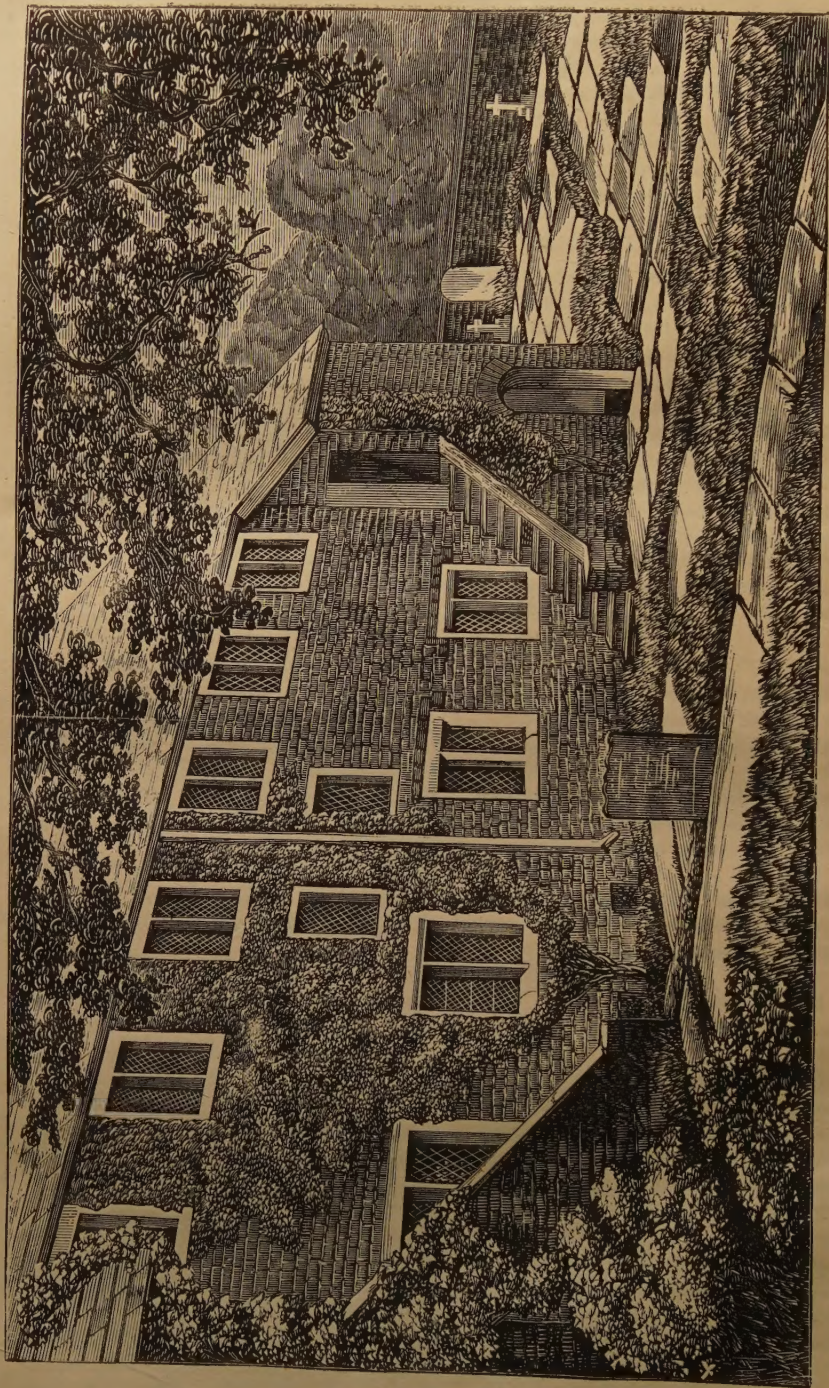
"And by what means," said the porcupine, "have you sought to make friends?"

"By flattery," said the chameleon. "I have adapted myself to all I met; humoured the follies and foibles of every one. In order to make people believe that I like them, I have imitated their manners as if I considered them models of perfection. So far have I gone in this, that it has become a habit with me, and now my very skin takes the hue and complexion of the thing that happens to be nearest. Yet all this has been in vain, for everybody calls me a turncoat; and I am generally considered selfish, hypocritical, and base."

"And no doubt you deserve all this," said the porcupine. "I have taken a different course, but I must confess that I have as few as you. I adopted the rule to resent every injury and every encroachment upon my dignity. I would allow no one even to touch me without sticking into him one or more of my sharp quills. I determined to take care of number one; and the result has been, that while I have vindicated my rights, I have created a universal dislike. I am called old Touch-me-not, and if I am not as much despised, I am *even* more disliked than you, Sir Chameleon."



THE NEW YORK ALBANY SCHOOL



BURIAL PLACE OF MRS. GASKELL.

BROOK STREET CHAPEL, KNUTSFORD.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF MRS. GASKELL.

THIS is one of the oldest non-conformist chapels in the county of Cheshire; it dates from about the year 1688. The first who was recognised in Knutsford as a non-conformist minister was Mr. Peter Leigh, who had been ejected from St. John's Church, Chester. How long Mr. Leigh ministered in Knutsford does not appear, but he was living in 1686, just before this chapel was built. Knutsford was a great centre of non-conformity. Within seven miles there were ejected from their livings, in 1662, Mr. John Ravenshaw of Holmes Chapel, Mr. James Livesey of Great Budworth, Mr. John Buckley of Goostrey, Mr. Robert Norbury of Over Peover, and above all Mr. Adam Martindale of Rostherne. It appears that the people of Knutsford claimed and had exercised the right of electing the clergyman for their parochial chapel. One of the clergymen so elected was a Mr. Kettleby Turner, thoroughly esteemed by all parties. Mr. Tong, himself the second nonconformist minister at Knutsford, tells us that "Upon the death of Mr. Turner, in 1687, the town of Knutsford was divided very much about the choice of another minister," and that on the right of the people being set aside, "many of the inhabitants who had never been Dissenters joined with others that had been always Dissenters in judgment to set up a meeting and invite a Dissenting Minister to come and preach to them." They consulted with their friends in the neighbourhood, most of whom had been hearers of the Rev. Thomas Edge of Withington. Among them was Mrs. Venables* of Wincham Hall, widow of Colonel Venables, who was General of the forces when Admiral Penni conquered Jamaica. Also John Leigh, Esq., of Oughtrington, and his second son John of Brazenose College, Oxford, Mrs. Penelope Ward of Capesthorpe, and Mr. Peter Colthurst of Sandle Bridge, whose son Thomas was minister of the Brook-street

Chapel in 1737. This seems to have been the origin of the founding of the chapel. The building of it was begun, if not finished during Mr. Tong's residence in Knutsford, but the first who preached in it was Mr. Thomas Kynaston, whose father "exercised his ministry at Whitley Chapel." Of the son we find this record in the minute-book of the Cheshire ministers:—"Jan 10, 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ —it pleased God to remove by death the worthy Mr. Thomas Kynaston of Knutsford, at whose house we were wont to meet; he had not quite completed the 30th year of his age. He was one of very good parts, solid judgment, a very profitable preacher, and of eminent humility, modesty, and sweetness of temper, and had been instrumental of much good at Knutsford, where he had been about five years—Help Lord!" So much for the first pastors of the congregation. For about fifty years one at least of the two half-yearly meetings of the Cheshire classes of ministers was held here, and many were the ordinations celebrated in the old chapel. It is on record that several of the ejected ministers took part in these services—as "William Bagshaw minister of ye Gospel in Glossop parish," Samuel Angier, preacher of God's word at Dukinfield, Mr. Cope ejected from Barthomley, Mr. John Harvey ejected from Wallasey in Worrall, Mr. John Garside, who in 1669 was pulled out of the pulpit in Bosley Chapel by Sir Goffrey Shakerley, and was imprisoned in Chester. Mr. Matthew Henry, of Chester, frequently preached in this chapel. The succession of ministers since Mr. Kynaston includes Samuel Low, 1696-1709; Thomas Lea, 1709-1733; John Turner from Preston, 1735-1737; Thomas Colthurst, 1737-1739; John Lord, 1739-1790; Thomas Harris, 1790-1795; George Philip Davis, 1795-1809; John Smethurst, 1810-1819; Joseph Ashton, 1820-1826; and Henry Green, the present minister, who succeeded Mr. Ashton at the very beginning of 1827. Nine years ago, in 1859, the chapel was re-pewed, the old-fashioned high-backed double pews being exchanged for lower single ones; several other improvements also were made. It may be added that under the cross nearest the west end of the chapel lie the remains of the late Mrs. Gaskell, the well known authoress, who passed her youth up to her marriage in Knutsford.

* Mrs. Venables has left in M.S. "Memorandums of Mrs. Elizabeth Aldersey, wife of Thomas Lee, of Darnhal, Esq., afterwards wife of General Venables, wrote by herself." The first General Lee of the American Revolution, a friend of Washington, was her grandson.

WHY WE ARE CALLED UNITARIAN CHRISTIANS.

HENRY TAYLOR.*

BECAUSE we reject the dogma of the Trinity, which supposes a God in three persons—*God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost*. The word *Trinity* is no where found in Scripture, but was an invention of men, long after the Apostolic age, to be received as a holy mystery, on pain of damnation. We believe in the absolute unity of the Godhead, the one supreme and only God. We believe in Jesus the Christ, *not* as a mysterious incarnation of Deity, or *God the Son*, but as the *Son of God* or Messiah, empowered by "*his Father and our Father*," to preach the word, *not* of reconciliation of *God to men*, by means of a heathen *atonement sacrifice* to appease wrath, but the reconciliation of *men to God* by calling to repentance and newness of life. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in Heaven." We believe in the *Holy Ghost*, or Spirit of God, not as a *person*, but as an emanation, or spiritual comfort, vouchsafed, as a means of grace, to those who by prayer and supplication seek for Divine aid. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God." For these reasons we refrain from Trinitarian worship, and confine religious services to the *One undivided God*, as instructed by the Saviour himself, and so have obtained the name of *Unitarians*. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Next to the great Father of all, our highest honour is due to His anointed Son, Jesus Christ, from whom alone we derive our Christianity, and not from the Creeds and Articles of any other authority. "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me," said the Saviour. His teachings, therefore, we receive as from God, his high example we endeavour to follow, and whose resurrection we esteem as the pledge of our own renewed life hereafter, when "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

* It will be interesting to our readers to know the above was sent us this month by the writer, who is a descendant of the celebrated Dr. John Taylor, and one of our most earnest of Unitarians in London.

THE ILLS OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is very easy to complain of life, to bring together a list of the numerous ills that flesh is heir to. How often it is said that man's life is nothing but misery from the cradle to the grave. He is poor, weak, and needy; more feeble than any other creature upon earth. As years pass on, burdens and sorrows weigh upon him, he seeks in vain for happiness; it always flees his grasp. Nature herself battles with him; storm, tempest, fire, and the sea, master him. Poverty, slavery, and war scatter disaster and misery, till at last comes the final, invincible enemy, death!

It is a gloomy complaint that has a grand sound, but he who bemoans so the lot of man only deceives himself with his fine words. He is truly speaking only from his own selfishness; he is only saying, "I am dissatisfied with God and the world, because I am not satisfied with myself." If he could only look with unprejudiced eyes into the sources of his sorrow, he would find that he has only himself to reproach. He would find there immoderate desires, envy, regret for past joys, and forgetfulness and misappreciation of thousands of blessings.

How exaggerated, how prejudiced is such a complaint. How insignificant is the sum of all these ills compared with the good things scattered over the world. We complain of the burdens that spring from our social duties, but without these social relations how much of the enjoyment of life, how much culture of spirit should we lose! We complain that the goods of the earth can be earned only by labour, but do not remember that it is through these very pains our pleasures are won; that without labour neither the health of the body nor the welfare of the soul could exist.

Yet it cannot be denied that, by the side of manifold good, much evil is found, much deficiency, much imperfection. All the beauty of life is bound up with sadness. Tears of sorrow flow along with those of joy.

This cannot be denied. But can we ask that this should not be so? Can we demand that the finite should be all perfect? Can we suppose that man should

be made sensible only to agreeable impressions, with no feeling for the disagreeable? Are we yet fitted in our present condition for an unbroken enjoyment of undisturbed felicity? Do we not need the winter, in order to enjoy the spring at the full, as we need the repose of night to fit us for the work of the day? Indeed our experience already teaches us that we are less sensible to the joys of each day, from the very fact that they are bestowed upon us every day, and every hour, and that we only learn to prize them when we are in danger of losing them, or when they are snatched from us for a time.

But there is another point that cannot be denied; that most of the evils from which we suffer are incurred by ourselves. They are the results of our faults, our omissions and our crimes. And these results we can in no wise wish away, for they are earnest warnings necessary to preserve us from greater sins and greater misery.

It is sin that is the undoing of man. Whatever, therefore, that opposes sin is helpful for us even though it is painful to any or all of our bodily sensations. It is a bitter, yet a wholesome medicine, needful for the spirit's health. How much evil would disappear from the world if we could consecrate our hearts to a true and upright life! This earth would be the ante-chamber of heaven if only the religion of Christ were the religion of life; if the heavenly doctrines of uprightness, kindness, and goodness were conscientiously carried out; if only man treated his brother man with justice and kindness, and nations and their rulers dealt uprightly with others, and if only one band of humanity bound together the hearts of all.

This is the goal of moral improvement, towards which all mankind should tend, for with this view there opens before us a higher life. No evil, no pain, no sorrow can shake our faith in the wise Providence that rules the world, so long as this prospect unfolds before us.

If with earnest will we strive to live worthily in the vocation allotted us here below, we are already beginning on the infinite life unfolding to us, we are taking the first step in the way to perfection. This earth is the school appointed us by our God, in which we shall be educated for a better world, where we may be

practised and strengthened and made firm in good things. For no blessedness can appear possible to reasonable, spiritual beings without a practice in wisdom and goodness. If we will only avail ourselves of these sublime opportunities they will serve to consecrate and bless us as well as to improve us. So the joys of life are beneficial to us, if we receive them with thankfulness, and let them inspire us the more cheerfully and heartily to fulfil all our duties; they should lead us to perform these duties, as the will of the good God, who has scattered upon us his blessings with so gentle a hand.

But the sorrows, the sorrows of life work even more for this sublime end. It has been said that an undisturbed good fortune is more difficult to bear than the most evil destiny beneath which we complain. Through how many experiences is this truth confirmed. How easily does he who is favoured by fortune more than others, how easily does he forget the Giver of all good gifts; how superciliously does he look down upon those less favoured; how often does he lose sight of his high calling, and through misuse, changes into a curse that which has been given him for a blessing. On the other hand, how often has that which has appeared evil to us turned to great good? How many virtues are there which are only learned in the school of misfortune? How many there are who are ennobled and perfected by sorrow alone? Some time, if not here, we shall acknowledge in joyous thankfulness that God has done all things well. He rules over us with a wise kindness.

Be assured that even in this world God gives us much that is good, and all that we have is an undeserved gift of his kindness. There is much murmuring against the good God, much thanklessness. It brings its own punishment in that sad weariness of spirit in which we lose, more and more, all sense and sensibility of the good we receive. Moderate your wishes. Learn to do without everything—that is not essential to true happiness. Seek for this happiness more within than without yourself, and the whole world will appear to you in a softer and more friendly light.

Horrid sin! with its unholy consequences in time and eternity, it alone is the true evil. All else that we call evil will be surely lost in a more sublime

happiness. Consecrate your heart to that modest goodness that thinks and acts alone with reference to God and in submission to his will. Walk in the way of God, and you cannot stumble in the way of God, for though at times it may appear steep and painful, it leads surely to its goal, which will make amends for all struggle and suffering.

Trust in God, and be not afraid nor dispirited, even if you find many things dark and incomprehensible in the lot of other men and your own. From where we stand it is impossible to get a view of everything past, present, and to come. It is impossible for us at this stage of our education to see into the views of the wise Father and teacher of us all. It is enough for use, that as far as we do see, we recognise wisdom and goodness. This justifies us in trusting and hoping. Ah, it pledges to believe and to hope when we cannot yet see. Hold fast to the faith that, whatever God sees fit to do, that is well done!

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a *little* grave," they said,
 "Only just a child that's dead."
 And so they carelessly turned away
 From the mound the spade had made that day.
 Ah, they did not know how deep a shade
 That *little* grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
 One yard would have served for an ample pall;
 One man in his arms could have borne away
 The rose-bud and its freight of clay.
 But I know that darling hopes were hid.
 Beneath that *little* coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
 With folded hands by that form of clay;
 I knew that burning tears were hid
 "'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
 And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,
 Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away—
 The crimson frock and wrappings gay;
 The little sock and half-worn shoe,
 The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
 And an empty crib with its covers spread,
 As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a grave, but, O! beware!
 For wide-world hopes are buried there,
 And *ye*, perhaps, in coming years,
 May see, like *her*, through blinding tears,
 How much of light, how much of joy,
 Is buried up with an only boy.

OVER THE FENCE.

Boys are often tempted to get over a fence.

"What for?" "What kind of a fence?"
 two or three voices asked.

There are a good many kinds of fences. Fences that you can see, and fences that you can't see. Fences of wood, and stone, and iron; and fences invisible to human eyes.

"If you can't see them what good are they, I'd like to know?"

That question does look a little puzzling at first; but when we come to think about it, the matter will grow plainer. Right, truth, justice, are all fences. We can't see them with our bodily eyes, and yet they exist, and cross our ways in life as really as any material fence; and if we jump over them, we shall be doing just as wrong as if we leaped the fence our neighbour has put around his garden, and spoiled his fruit and flower-beds. Here is a poem that we find in a newspaper—we do not know the author, nor the paper in which it first appeared—that will help you to see this clearer. Read it—not once, but twice and thrice. Get it by heart:—

BOY.

Over the fence is a garden fair—
 How I would love to be master there!
 All that I lack is a mere pretence:
 I could leap over the low, white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that all crimes commence;
 Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
 Then I can go in for it—that is all;
 Picking an apple up near the tree
 Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence;
 Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
 Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
 Ne'er will I venture to look that way,
 Lest I should do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that all crimes commence;
 Coveting that which is over the fence.

FAITH AND HOPE.

A PARABLE.

ONE morning as the sun arose, two Spirits went forth upon the earth. And they were sisters; but Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every heart. And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the garden and lawns her wings glittered in the sun-beams like the rainbow.

"Come, my sister," she cried, "and chase with me this butterfly from flower to flower."

But her sister was gazing at the lark as it arose from its low nest and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again, "Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."

But Faith replied, "Nay, my sister, let the flowers be thine, for thou art young, and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade till the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest; when thou art weary come and repose on my bosom." And she smiled and departed.

After a time Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said, "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance sad?"

And the child answered, "Because a cloud is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast. See, the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over the fields will be greener than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noontide heat. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the shower fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.

After a time the sky was again dark-

ened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold! there was no cloud in the whole circles of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees and pointed to the sun and said:

"A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of His glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in His beams. See even yet His face is not wholly hidden from us."

But the child dare not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart. And when all was bright again she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shades, and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun.

Then said she to her young sister, "Come, and behold how far the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away and give place to the shadows of night."

But Hope was now weary, her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped into her sister's bosom and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night; she was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies which mortal ear hath not heard. And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.

At length a light appeared in the east, and the sun burst forth from the portals of the heavens. Then the Spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake! O my sister! Awake!" she cried; "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake! for the sun hath arisen which shall set no more."

DR. CARPENTER.

WITH ONE CHICKEN.

I DARE say you have heard the sad story about the poor white turkey being dead, and leaving her four poor little ones motherless. It is an old story, oft repeated in the poultry-yard, but it has its moral, and I may as well tell it over to you.

I can't say how she came to her death, but she was much respected, and the news flew fast through the barn-yard.

"Even the peacock respectfully folded his tail

As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, 'Now the old bird is dead

Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?"

At this the good old motherly duck remarked, as she dried her eyes with her wing—"I have eight ducklings of my own to cover, it's true, but I think I can manage to tuck two of the little orphans under my wings each night. Perhaps, neighbour, you might take in another," she added, bowing respectfully to the hen with one chicken.

But her ladyship instantly bristled her feathers, and began calling "cluck, cluck," at a terrible rate, as if she had full a baker's dozen to see to.

"I am suré," she remarked, with a pettish toss of her head, "my whole time is occupied in taking care of my own. I am never idle a moment, as you can see, scratching for bugs and worms among those tiresome chips. Somebody must see to them who has fewer cares than I."

"Poor little dears," said the goose, "I will willingly take them out swimming with my nine the very next pleasant day."

The old Dorking, with her troublesome brood of ten half grown chicks, signified her willingness to help the orphans all that she could.

"It will be a rough company to bring the tender things into, though," she said. "They want a warm, quiet home."

"The poor little things, they are all heads and wings,"
And their bones through their feathers are sticking."

And she looked hard at the hen with one chicken."

"No doubt it is a sad case," said the hen, scratching away with all her might; "but oh! don't come to me with all my cares, and labours, and troubles. Let them

learn to scratch for themselves, then they'll learn to prize what they get." And so she called her one, and clucked away off to the farther end of the garden, where she need hear no more of the motherless turkeys.

There was some nodding of heads and exclamations among the barn-yard party; and the old duck sagely remarked that "Those who have the least care make the most fuss about it;" and they all decided that whenever they were in trouble they should know enough not to go for comfort to "the hen with one chicken."—*The Little Pilgrim.*

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

THERE are about 1,200,000 Protestants in France: they are divided into three groups; 1, the National Reformed Church; 2, the Lutheran Church, or as it is sometimes called, the Church of the Confession of Augsburg; and, 3, a number of miscellaneous bodies which, unlike the preceding, do not receive State aid, and are generally known as the independent churches. Nearly three-fourths of the number of Protestants belong to the French Reformed Church. It has 105 consistories, 900 churches, 1300 schools, and 600 pastors. The Lutheran Church, which exists chiefly in the eastern department, has 232 parishes, 660 schools, and 300 pastors. Though these two churches are quite distinct in France, they are united in Algeria, where they have twelve schools, seventy places of worship, and sixteen pastors. The independent churches do not comprehend more than a twentieth, if so much, of the whole number of Protestants. They have 100 pastors and nearly 209 places of worship, twenty-five of which are Methodists. The independent churches are all orthodox.

In the other two churches orthodoxy and liberalism exist side by side. In the south and among the old Protestant population of the Cevennes liberalism prevails; but in the north orthodoxy. In Paris, the laity are fairly divided between the two schools, but the pastors and the church councils orthodox by a great majority. At none of the three is the instruction limited by any creed, each professor being at liberty to teach his own views. The first-named is, however, generally considered as orthodox, the other two as liberal.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A PRETTY MESSAGE.

At the recent banquet given to Mr. Cyrus Field the words of the Duke of Argyll were sent to Miss Field in America. She immediately sent back the following pretty message to the Duke:—"I thank you for the kind words you have spoken of my father, causing me to feel that you are friends, although our acquaintance is thus made across the sea, and in a moment of time." On the same occasion the Duke of Argyll repeated the following lines of Whittier:—

Thou lovely bay of Trinity,
Ye bosky shores untrod,
Lean breathless to the white-tipped sea,
And hear the voice of God.

From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of the stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done!"
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Her continents are one.

And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Shall clasp beneath the sea.

Through orient seas, o'er Afric's plain,
And Asia's mountains borne,
The vigour of the northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead!

Earth, grey with age, shall hear the strain
Which o'er her childhood rolled
For her the morning stars again
Shall sing their song of old.

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall,
Space mocked, and Time outrun!
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one.

Oh, reverently and thankfully
The mighty wonder own!
The deaf may hear, the blind may see
The work is God's alone.

Throb on strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach!
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each.

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tame and dumb below;
Bear gently, ocean's carrier dove,
Thy errands to and fro!

Weave the swift shuttle of the Lord
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of Earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war.

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
And on the sea of Gallilee
The Christ is whispering, "Peace!"

KNOWLEDGE AND TRUTH.

"TRUTH, the soul of every song
That's nobly great."

MAN was formed with an understanding for the attainment of knowledge, and happy is he who is employed in the pursuit of it. Ignorance is in its nature unprofitable; but every kind of knowledge may be turned to use. Diligence is generally rewarded with the discovery of that which it seeks after; sometimes of that which is most valuable.

Human learning, with the blessing of God upon it, introduces us to divine wisdom; and while we study the works of nature, the God of nature will manifest himself to us; since to a well-tutored mind, "The heavens," without a miracle, "declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

The grand and, indeed, the only character of truth, is its enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion.—*Sir John Herschel.*

When truth is revealed, let custom give place; let no man prefer custom before reason and truth.—*Augustine.*

Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed by the false scale of custom.—*Byron.*

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.—*Whicote.*

There are three parts in truth: first, the inquiry, which is the wooing of it; secondly, the knowledge of it, which is the presence of it; and, thirdly, the belief, which is the enjoyment of it.—*Bacon.*

God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of its consequences! The consequence of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or well-founded expectations of the human race.—*Bishop Watson.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

EX-EMPRESS OF MEXICO.—The latest turn of Carlotta's insanity is her desire to have all her rooms transformed into chapels. She would not be pacified until this desire was fulfilled. Nothing is said to be more singular than the sight of her bed-room, which is hung in black, and contains four small altars and any quantity of crucifixes.

ZEAL AND TRUTH.—It is sometimes inferred, from the want of zeal among Unitarians, their doctrines are not true. So, then, the zealous Jesuit has the better of the Protestant any day; the Pagan, sacrificing his child, the better of the Jesuit; and the Hindoo idolators, who built the temple of Juggernaut at a cost of £500,000, produced a greater amount of evidence of the truth of their cause than the builders of St. Peter's in Rome, or St. Paul's in London, or Mr. Spurgeon and his friends, who spent £30,000 in the erection of the Tabernacle. This won't do.

"I CANNOT."—So answered a boy when directed by a rich merchant to write what was not true to a customer. "Why not?" asked the merchant, angrily. "Because it would not be the truth, sir," was the firm but respectful answer. "I hope you will always be as particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel and going away. What do you suppose happened to the boy? Lost his place? No. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who would not write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth; and, instead of sending him away made him his confidential clerk.

THE SCHOLARSHIP OF PAUL.—In 1821 the Rev. W. Rhodes received an invitation to be pastor of a church in the village of Sherfield, in Hampshire. He had his misgivings that many of the people were ultra-Calvinist; still he consented to settle there as pastor. But to a greater extent than he was at first aware, the people were infected with Antinomian fancies—were ignorant, were vain, and very repulsive in temper: were far more remarkable for their attachment to the doctrine of *election* than to that of *charity*. They despised scholarship, and thought that ministers should be in this respect like the Apostle Paul, "who," thought they, "never troubled himself about Greek, but, as we may see, wrote his epistle in plain, home-spun English."

THE MOTHER OF HARLOW, THE PAINTER.—Harlow, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence designated "the most promising of all our painters," owed all to his mother, who was left a widow five months after the birth of her son; and who, although young, wealthy, and handsome, gave all her thoughts to her husband's memory and the education of her children, of whom five were girls; her only son, as might have been expected, obtaining the largest share of her solicitude. Harlow's first-exhibited production, to his credit be it said, was a drawing of that mother. She lived to see her son eminent; and died when he was twenty-two years old; but his biographer tell us that he ever loved her memory, and never mentioned her name without tenderness.

A CALVINISTIC CONCESSION.—In a recent public discussion in London between a Calvinistic and a Unitarian, the Calvinistic being pressed with a question about the extent of salvation on his basis generously conceded that faith was not necessary to salvation in every case, and admitted into his heaven all children, all idiots, and all insane persons without faith. This concession caused much merriment, for it was remarked that on the face of this concession it was unfortunate to outgrow the years of childhood and retain your senses.

A STRANGE SCENE.—In a little tract that has been handed to us, issued by the "Gospel Tract Depot," there is the following description of the death of one Isaac Myers:—"He then prayed for Christians of all denominations, except the Unitarians. He said 'I have no authority in God's Word to pray for them as Christians—they deny the blood.' Solemn words, on the borders of eternity. He then prayed again for his wife and children. Had great confidence for his family. He then shouted with a loud voice, 'Victory! Victory!' He required all present to shout, and all joined, even his young wife—all shouted, 'Victory! Victory!'" There are other passages of equally bad spirit which impelled us to pray that we might be saved from a death like his.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP SUMNER ON THE TRINITY.—In his sermon on "The Duty of Acquainting Ourselves with God" occurs the following remarkable passage:—"Here, however, I am scarcely less foiled than before, if I attempt to form to myself any distinct idea of this mysterious Godhead. I am not able to comprehend, with any clearness, the union of Person, and the distinction of Person, represented in Scripture. I am at a loss to conceive how the nature of God should be incorporated with that of man in the incarnation of Jesus Christ. I cannot understand the operation of the Holy Spirit upon the human heart; much less can I explain that operation in the extent and degree which Scripture asserts, and still leave room for the development of individual character which the same Scripture obliges me to recognise. A very short inquiry is sufficient to convince me, that if I am not to be at peace till I am acquainted with God in all these mysteries of his nature, I must sit down in despair."—*J. B. Sumner's "Sermons on the Christian Festivals."* 3rd Edition, 8vo, 1828, p. 405—6.

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.